

# indigo Eyes (Single Edit)

Peter Murphy

Fire burning in a hill  
The lines are rocky rough  
Red angels wait to pick remains  
The cindered shoulder  
Of confused menseparate from their awe  
With grey desire  
He looks out mad  
His soft grey indigo eyesIndigo eyesAskingHis heaven is uncovered not  
A black tree blocks his way  
His way is skating round a dome  
(His way is in dismay)The playmate singsLike Orphee in some thunder world  
Asking to be bathed in light  
To be exemplifiedWith grey desire he looks out mad  
His soft grey indigo eyesSaw his past  
He had dug for trust  
With blind infected handsAnd wondered as the hurt bit hard  
Why the sacred weren't at handOnly when his ears were deaf  
To the angels light burst waves  
Only when his ears were deafDid life turn from fog to fog  
But not evil but estranged  
But not evil but estrangedIndigo eyes, Indigo eyes  
Indigo eyes, Indigo eyesWith grey desire  
He looks out mad  
His soft greyIndigo eyes  
Indigo eyes

Songwriters

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